

*Scio.* Heare me, People peace.  
*All.* Let's here our Tribune: peace, speake, speake, speake.  
*Scio.* You are at point to lose your Liberties:  
*Martius* would haue all from you; *Martius*,  
 Whom late you haue nam'd for Confull.  
*Mene.* Fic, sic, sic, this is the way to kindle, not to  
 quench.  
*Sena.* To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.  
*Scio.* What is the Citie, but the People?  
*All.* True, the People are the Citie.  
*Brut.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd the  
 Peoples Magistrates.  
*All.* You so remaine.  
*Mene.* And so are like to doe.  
*Com.* That is the way to lay the Citie flat,  
 To bring the Roofe to the Foundation,  
 And burie all, which yet distinctly raunges  
 In heapes, and piles of Ruine.  
*Scio.* This deserues Death.  
*Brut.* Or let vs stand to our Authoritie,  
 Or let vs lose it: we doe here pronounce,  
 Vpon the part o'th' People, in whose power  
 We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy  
 Of present Death.  
*Scio.* Therefore lay hold of him:  
 Beare him rock' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
 Into destruction cast him.  
*Brut.* *Adiles* seize him.  
*All Ple.* Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.  
*Mene.* Heare me one word, 'beseech you Tribunes,  
 heare me but a word.  
*Adiles.* Peace, peace.  
*Mene.* Be that you seeme, truly your Countries friend,  
 And temporarily proceed to what you would  
 Thus violently redresse.  
*Brut.* Sir, those cold wayes,  
 That seeme like prudent-helpe, are very poysonous,  
 Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands vpon him,  
 And beare him to the Rock. *Corio.* drawes his Sword.  
*Corio.* No, Ile die here:  
 There's some among you haue beheld me fighting,  
 Come trie vpon your selues, what you haue scene me.  
*Mene.* Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw  
 a while.  
*Brut.* Lay hands vpon him.  
*Mene.* Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe  
 him young and old.  
*All.* Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*  
*In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the Adiles, and the  
 People are beat in.*  
*Mene.* Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away,  
 All will be naught else.  
*2. Sena.* Get you gone.  
*Com.* Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies.  
*Mene.* Shall it be put to that?  
*Sena.* The Gods forbid:  
 I prythee noble friend, home to thy House,  
 Leane vs to cure this Cause.  
*Mene.* For 'tis a Sore vpon vs,  
 You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, 'beseech you.  
*Corio.* Come Sir, along with vs.  
*Mene.* I would they were Barbarians, as they are,  
 Though in Rome litter'd as Romans, as they are not,  
 Though call'd i'th' Portch o'th' Capitoll:  
 Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,

One time will owe another.

*Corio.* On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.  
*Mene.* I could my selfe take vp a Brace o'th' best of  
 them, yea, the two Tribunes.  
*Com.* But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,  
 And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands  
 Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,  
 Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend  
 Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare  
 What they are vs'd to beare.  
*Mene.* Pray you be gone:  
 Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request  
 With those that haue but little: this must be patche  
 With Cloth of any Colour.  
*Com.* Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and  
 Cominius.*  
*Patri.* This man ha's marr'd his fortune.  
*Mene.* His nature is too noble for the World:  
 He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,  
 Or *Ioue*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth;  
 What his Brest forges, that his Tongue must vent,  
 And being angry, does forget that euer  
 He heard the Name of Death. *A Noise within.*  
 Here's goodly worke.  
*Patri.* I would they were a bed.  
*Mene.* I would they were in Tyber.  
 What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?  
*Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.*  
*Sicin.* Where is this Viper,  
 That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himselfe?  
*Mene.* You worthy Tribunes.  
*Sicin.* He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock  
 With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law,  
 And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall  
 Then the severity of the publike Power,  
 Which he so sets at naught.  
*1 Cit.* He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are  
 The peoples mouths, and we their hands.  
*All.* He shall sure ont.  
*Mene.* Sir, sir. *Sicin.* Peace.  
*Me.* Do not cry hauocke, where you shold but hunt  
 With modest warrant.  
*Sicin.* Sir, how com'it that you haue holpe  
 To make this rescue?  
*Mene.* Heere me speake? As I do know  
 The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.  
*Sicin.* Confull? what Confull?  
*Mene.* The Confull *Coriolanus*.  
*Brut.* He Confull.  
*All.* No, no, no, no, no.  
*Mene.* If by the Tribunes leaue,  
 And yours good people,  
 I may be heard, I would craue a word or two,  
 The which shall turne you to no further harme,  
 Then so much losse of time.  
*Sic.* Speake breecely then,  
 For we are peremptory to dispatch  
 This Viperous Traitor: to elect him hence  
 Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere  
 Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,  
 He dyes to night.  
*Mene.* Now the good Gods forbid,  
 That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
 Towards her deserued Children, is enroll'd  
 In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnaturall Dam  
 Should now eate vp her owne.

*Sicin.*

*Sicin.* He's a Disease that must be cut away.  
*Mene.* On he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease  
 Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.  
 What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?  
 Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost  
 (Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath  
 By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:  
 And what is left, to loose it by his Countrey,  
 Were to vs all that doo't, and suffer it  
 A brand to th'end a'th World.  
*Sicin.* This is cleane kamme.  
*Brut.* Meerely awry:  
 When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.  
*Mene.* The seruice of the foote  
 Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
 For what before it was.  
*Brut.* Wee'l heare no more:  
 Purue him to his house, and plucke him thence,  
 Least his infection being of catching nature,  
 Spred further.  
*Mene.* One word more, one word:  
 This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find  
 The harme of vnscan'd swiftnesse, will (too late)  
 Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Proesse,  
 Least parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,  
 And facke great Rome with Romanes.  
*Brut.* If it were so?  
*Sicin.* What do ye talke?  
 Haue we not had a taste of his Obedience?  
 Our Ediles smot: our selues resisted: come.  
*Mene.* Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th' Warres  
 Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd  
 In bould Language: Meale and Bran together  
 He throwes without distinction. Giue me leaue,  
 Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace,  
 Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forne  
 (In peace) to his vtmost perill.  
*1 Sen.* Noble Tribunes,  
 It is the humane way: the other course  
 Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,  
 Vnknowne to the Beginning.  
*Sic.* Noble *Mene*, be you then as the peoples officer:  
 Masters, lay downe your Weapons.  
*Brut.* Go not home.  
*Sic.* Meet on the Market place; wee'l attend you there:  
 Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede  
 In our first way.  
*Mene.* Ile bring him to you.  
 Let me desire your company: he must come,  
 Or what is worst will follow.  
*Sena.* Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*  
*Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.*  
*Corio.* Let them pull all about mine eares, present me  
 Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horses heeles,  
 Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,  
 That the precipitation might downe stretch  
 Below the beame of fight; yet will I still  
 Be thus to them. *Enter Volumentia.*  
*Noble.* You do the Nobler.  
*Corio.* I muse y Mother  
 Do's not approue me further, who was wont  
 To call them Wollen Vasailes, things created  
 To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads  
 In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder,  
 When one but of my ordinance stood vp

To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,  
 Why did you wish me milder? Would you haue me  
 False to my Nature? Rather say, I play  
 The man I am.

*Volunt.* Oh fir, fir, fir,  
 I would haue had you put your power well on  
 Before you had worne it out.  
*Corio.* Let go.  
*Vol.* You might haue beene enough the man you are,  
 With struing lesse to be so: Lesser had bin  
 The things of your dispositions, if  
 You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd  
 Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.  
*Corio.* Let them hang.  
*Volunt.* I, and burne too.

*Enter Menenius with the Senators.*

*Mene.* Come, come, you haue bin too rough, something  
 too rough: you must returne, and mend it.

*Sen.* There's no remedy,  
 Vnlesse by not so doing, our good Citie  
 Cleaue in the midd'l, and perishe.

*Volunt.* Pray be counsell'd;  
 I haue a heart as little apt as yours,  
 But yet a braine, that leades my vie of Anger  
 To better vantage.

*Mene.* Well said, Noble woman:  
 Before he should thus stoop to th' heart, but that  
 The violent fit a'th' time craues it as Physicke  
 For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,  
 Which I can scarcely beare.

*Corio.* What must I do?

*Mene.* Returne to th' Tribunes.

*Corio.* Well, what then? what then?

*Mene.* Repent, what you haue spoke.

*Corio.* For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,  
 Must I then doo't to them?

*Volunt.* You are too absolute,  
 Though therein you can neuer be too Noble,  
 But when extremities speake. I haue heard you say,  
 Honor and Policy, like vnseuer'd Friends,  
 I'th' Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me  
 In Peace, what each of them by th' other loose,  
 That they combine not there?

*Corio.* Tush, tush.

*Mene.* A good demand.

*Volunt.* If it be Honor in your Warres, to seeme  
 The same you are not, which for your best ends  
 You adopt your policy: How is it lesse or worse  
 That it shall hold Companionship in Peace  
 With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both  
 It stands in like request.

*Corio.* Why force you this?

*Volunt.* Because, that  
 Now it lyes you on to speake to th' people:  
 Not by your owne instruction, nor by th' matter  
 Which your heart prompts you, but with such words  
 That are but roared in your Tongue;  
 Though but Bastards, and Syllables  
 Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth.  
 Now, this no more dishonors you at all,  
 Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,  
 Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
 The hazard of much blood.  
 I would dissemble with my Nature, where  
 My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd  
 I should do so in Honor. I am in this

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Your